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(24. 12. 41.)

HENRY SOMERVILLE,

A TALE.

VOL. I.

HENRY SOMERVILLE,

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

HARTLEBOURN CASTLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

——Dans l'avenir pour mon ame embelli
Tout me rioit, tout me flattoit d'avance;
De mes vieux ans mon fils étoit l'ami,
De ses succès j'étois enorgueilli,
J'élevois sur son nom ma superbe esperance.

VICEE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. BELL, NO. 148, OXFORD-STREET.

1797.

249. S. 125.

HENRY SOMERVILLE.

CHAP. I.

THE animation of active virtue, and the lofty ſpirit of a dignified and manly fortitude, never fail to inſpire in the human breaſt thoſe elevated ſentiments of ſuperior honour, which preſerve the ſoul from deſcending to mean indulgences in vice, or to ſiniſter methods of ſelf-advantage: they awaken the juſt pride of manhood; they ſwell the heart with the

 trueſt

truest sensibility; they spread before it the unabating charm of cheerful benevolence, and expand the mind to embrace the realised possession of honourable and enviable independence.

To cultivate these pleasures, and to illuminate the little circle of his neighbourhood by their radiance, was the business of Mr. Somerville's life. His education had been classical, and his industry in study unabated; what he had acquired in early years had been re-cultivated and re-sown in the leisure of cooler maturity; and the pursuits of a country life had invigorated the ample capacity of his mind, enlarged by the study of nature,

ture, and open to all her glorious expanſe.

An athletic form aided theſe generous honours of his mind—their powers were alike capacious; their choice, the united purſuit of virtue.

A noble ſuſceptibility diſcovered itſelf very early in his heart—framed by nature to be a natural man, he ſoon diſdained the ſhackles of ceremonious life, which invents innumerable obſtacles to be ſurmounted, before the glowing admiration of the heart is ſuffered to confeſs itſelf: three interviews had been ſcarcely neceſſary to appriſe him of his attachment; ſomething within had told him the congenial merit which at-

tracted him—it was needleſs to aſk himſelf whether he loved.

The harmony and confidence which had always ſubſiſted between his father and himſelf, led him to communicate with all the eager haſte of early unadulterated affection the feelings of his heart.—But here his chief and only friend unexpectedly damped his ardour;—his father, who had ſaved a handſome fortune by trade, was not accuſtomed to conſider the impulſe of his heart before he had conſulted that of his purſe. The lady on whom his ſon had ſo warmly placed his affections, had but trifling expectations, and thoſe at the deceaſe of her mother, as yet only in the middle

dle of her days. Mr. Somerville's habits of life were thoſe of genteel affluence: he reaſoned upon the difficulties of a riſing family; his own life a tolerably good one; nothing to be advanced till his death; and painted the many ſmarting anxieties of trade which he had experienced, as reaſons why his ſon ſhould not look to that as a reſource: beſides, the impoſſibility and imprudence of his involving his capital a ſecond time—that his ſon had all the world before him, could command an heireſs; and if not, it was time enough to fix his choice, which if done too early produced a too late repentance.——The ſurpriſe and almoſt

indignation which this discourse excited in his son, produced a momentary silence—an anguish too well known to need description, broke at length into a fervent declaration of his passion. "Why, sir," said he, "was I blessed with feelings from Heaven, which I am told it is the penurious duty of prudence to suppress? Whence originate the affections we cannot see in others or feel in ourselves without reverence or admiration, if, when they arise, they are to be stifled by the base estimation of pecuniary value? Surely, sir, my time has been grievously wasted, to have cultivated the virtues of the mind, if their blossoms are to be

torn

torn down before they can ripen into fruit!"

The father affected to treat this language as the effect of his ſon's romantic fancy; and, rather to ſoothe him before they parted, intermingled in the cup a few of thoſe acknowledgments of the lady's merit, which, whether given in praiſe or in objection, never fail to urge on the progreſs of the attachment they cement.

Our young friend withdrew to a ſilent and retired part of his father's grounds, where he indulged his mind in the fervour of its own reflections on the paſſing ſcenes. Not one objection to the family or character of the lady; no traits of diſſatisfaction

at her manners, conduct, perſon, or accompliſhments. Are theſe infe-rior to fortune? Is any one of them leſs than income? Are the gifts of all-ſeeing and gracious Heaven of leſs ſubſtance than human arts, and per-fidious gold? Am I formed then to be an uſeleſs ſlave to indolence and pride? Have I theſe active limbs, this buſy mind, to reſt a drone upon the hive of others? Oh, forbid it honour—virtue! What then is ſin if this be none?—But duty, paren-tal duty?—Let my life be guided by ſhewing it—by convincing my worthy father that I do not ſlight his advice, but that his objection does not reſt upon a ground equal in

the

the ſmallest degree to its oppoſing and commanding recommendations; and, therefore, our prudence and affection may unite to conſtitute great part of his future happineſs.

Convincing himſelf thus by his own reaſoning, and truſting in his father's good ſenſe and affection, he reſolved to indulge the hope which he ſoon after realiſed.

Mr. Somerville was an only child—his mother died during his early youth—a few very diſtant relations remained of a large and ancient ſtock—his father, therefore, who had never formed very warm friendſhips, had little opportunity for diſinheriting his ſon on account of his

marriage, which every other than himſelf applauded.

Selfiſh and ſordid, he reſolved upon a plan which would effectually revenge himſelf of his diſappointment; for he had raiſed ſuch expectations from his ſons's virtues and perſonal merits, that he had often cheered his evening lucubrations with the proſpect of his name being perpetuated by an union with high life, rank and fortune, and the dignity of a baronet with a ſeat in the ſenate of Great Britain. To have theſe glorious hopes daſhed in one unhappy moment by the ſmiles of a woman whoſe only recommendations were her virtues, was a theme of continual vex-

ation,

ation, and preyed upon his mind with a ſeverity which no attentions from his ſon and daughter could allay, nor any of the charming careſſes of their riſing family, even in their moſt domeſtic intercourſe, diſperſe. He determined, therefore, unknown to his ſon, to raiſe annuities on his own life upon the ſecurity of his eſtates; and, as he felt himſelf emancipated from all obligation to ſupport or gratify any one but himſelf, he lived to the extent of his enlarged income; and, excepting a few ſparing occaſional preſents to his daughter-in-law and his grand-children, he ſported upon himſelf, upon his equipage, his grounds, and a few popular meet-

ings, the whole of that ſubſtance which his ſon had been taught to expect.

Such was the attachment which united the younger Mr. and Mrs. Somerville. A ſmall income ariſing from an eſtate about twenty miles diſtant from his father's, which he had received by the will of a deceaſed uncle, now much increaſed by his own reſidence upon it, was the ſole ſupport of his family: here he purſued, unfettered by the dull round of faſhion and pleaſure, which intoxicate and corrupt the metropolis, the nobler occupations of his farm, and the education of his children. In a few years he found himſelf the father

of

of three children : the eldeſt of theſe was a promiſing boy, whoſe open countenance and pleaſant addreſs ſecured the unlimited praiſes of all who ſaw him; and to whom they gave the name of Henry: the two youngeſt were daughters, who very ſoon began to ſhew the root from whence they ſprung, and to emulate the virtues which rendered their parents univerſally eſtimable.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

MR. Somerville had frequently reflected upon the evils of public education, and himſelf felt its defects; and though he ſaw how unpopular this idea was, yet he had very early adopted the bold reſolution of not yielding to general opinions, or common prejudices, on any ſubject, unleſs he could diſcover that they were founded on ſome data of inalienable right, or moral principle.

To preſerve youth from the contamination of early communication,

and

and to give it a taſte for manly exer-
ciſe and virtue, with an unſhaken
love of truth undeviating, were in his
mind the firſt ſources and ſprings of
education, and which will alone ſecure
happineſs. When he turned his mind
upon ſeminaries of education, he per-
ceived and remembered, that with all
the merit of care, of example, of ex-
hortation and precept, and even the
terror of puniſhment, it was not with-
in the power of the tutors to effect
theſe great eſſentials. By the com-
munication with one another, with
various diſpoſitions, with thoſe whoſe
buſineſs called them to the ſchool,
with their own friends and acquaint-
ance, and with the heap of cunning
evaſions

evaſions learnt from each other to conceal the truth, to hide offences, to excuſe from puniſhment, and the many mental reſervations which prevented often the whole truth from appearing, it became next to an impoſſibility that the innate purity of virtue and truth could remain long with any pupil who mingled in the crowd of an eſtabliſhed academy; it was, therefore, under his own eye that he hoped to find a remedy for theſe defects; but this required unremitted regard and attention; continual vigilance over the opening flower, that the breath or whiſper of evil ſhould not exhale its contagion upon it, nor caſt its bane near the

root

root to check the flourishing luxuriance of its native beauty.

Mrs. Somerville, whose elegant mind and warm devotion to all her husband's exemplary and unusual merits, seldom heard one of his maxims without reflecting upon and adopting it, and whose accomplishments well enabled her to co-operate with him in a plan so desirable, which tended to keep both her girls near her person; saw with increased affection and delight the progress of her family under the auspices of an heavenly felicity, which the goodness of her heart often sighed to think was not more generally the lot of society.

As

As the dawn of youthful years drew on, and began to ſhew the early bloſſoms of his mind, young Henry became his father's conſtant companion, and partook of his cheerful converſation.

Mr. Somerville had long been in the habit of thinking much and ſpeaking little; but his children now called upon him to perform a new office: he had few moments unoccupied in the day, and the innumerable queſtions which he encouraged them to aſk, furniſhed him with the neceſſity of thus publiſhing the information he had acquired, and of rendering his domeſtic circle more delightful. His friends were well

choſen,

chofen, and his houfe was the cheerful refidence of harmony and truth, becaufe neither falfehood nor calumny dared approach it.

The manly exercifes of the field, the knowledge of cultivation, and an undaunted courage, were often the leffons of the day; and the evening clofed by gay and focial endearments, embellifhed by improving allegories and diverting paftimes, which contributed each in their degree to promote the value of virtue.

The examples of great actions in hiftory, of amiable qualifications and the fofter graces in poetry, formed the frequent theme of his inftruction, intermingled tenderly

with

with moral lessons calculated to inspire the most grateful sense of divine perfection and general improvement.

Accustomed thus early to the habits of courage and endurance, Henry could, at an early age, master the turbulence of the most unruly horse in his neighbourhood; could pitch the coit at the greatest distance; could endure the hardest fatigue and suffer the longest hunger and thirst of any one of his age; every manufacture that he saw, he could give some rational account of; and of every animal or bird that he discovered he knew the various properties.

Mr. Somerville often found it necessary to hide his admiration at this

intelligence,

intelligence, to ſuppreſs the burſting emotions of praiſe, and to check the natural commendation of his talents or diſpoſition; for nothing, he would often ſay, ſo conſtantly tends to excite ſelf-eſtimation and to produce hypocriſy, as frequent repetitions of praiſe, or the diſcovery of your own feelings when you ſee that nature has filled the young eye with tears.

Mrs. Somerville took her part in this ſyſtem, and raiſed her daughters to be the fair counterpart of their brother: their accompliſhments conſiſted of thoſe uſeful and ornamental branches of education which would render them amiable and reſpectable: ſhe could herſelf inſtruct them in

 muſic

muſic and dancing, with many of the graver and more ſtudious employments: as to the former, ſhe encouraged only a moderate purſuit of it, as it too often produces a weakneſs of mind, and a diſtaſte of other ſuperior attainments; but a moderate ſhare of it tends to ſoften and harmoniſe the manners; and ſhe often, after any of the little diſputes which will ſometimes occur among the moſt affectionate, led them to the harp, in whoſe notes theſe little contentions inſenſibly died away.

By dancing ſhe thought that the body acquired a free and eaſy ſhape; a juſt poſture, with a graceful and unconſtrained air, and an external

politeneſs

politeneſs and agility, which never fail to prejudice every one in its favour. It would be tedious to detail the many amiable excellencies of this family;—the Author would be chargeable with flattery to the man he loves, if he did not often reſtrain his admiration, and ruſh involuntarily upon the events which will more immediately intereſt the reader's mind.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

HENRY had reached his twentieth year; a "manly ſunnineſs" ſhone upon his countenance, his eye ſparkled with manhood, and his tall figure and graceful air, mingled with unaffected ſimplicity, rendered him the conſpicuous ſubject of admiration. His father, whoſe years had not yet ſo increaſed as to entirely make him ſhun the "buſy hum of men," ſaw with exultation the glorious effects of his plan, but often ſuppreſſed the ready burſt of popular commendation of his ſon, by de-

nouncing

nouncing the dangers of praiſe. "This," he would ſay, "will produce vanity, the ſource of every vice; it ſhould, therefore, be checked in its bud, as the Greeks of old inſtantly killed a child of deformity, leſt it ſhould produce another more miſerable than itſelf."

The young ladies, whoſe ages nearly followed that of Henry, were not far behind him in thoſe diſtinguiſhing features which rendered him ſo amiable. Mr. Somerville's character was the theme of the country; his ſtrict notions of rectitude, his philoſophic independence, his talent at argument, and his intimate knowledge of agriculture, not to mention

his courteous affability to every one, whether inferior or equal, for ſuperiors he had none, gave him the general appellation of the Philoſopher, and his houſe that of the Temple of Virtue.

Amongſt his moſt intimate friends was a gentleman of extenſive fortune; who, though he lived in all the faſhions of gaiety, and ſeldom left the metropolis till the ſummer was over, had diſcernment and taſte ſufficient to ſee the merit of Mr. Somerville, and to admire, not to ſay envy, his independence of all common prejudices in habits and modes of thinking, to which, whenever he converſed with him, he found himſelf too nearly a ſlave. He was de-

ſcended

ſcended from a diſtant branch of the noble houſe of Howard; and this idea, had he been born without an extenſive patrimony, would have proved his inevitable ruin; for, though endued with an excellent heart, the vain opinion of rank, the pride of ſuperiority, the negligence of thoſe labours of education which are neceſſary to acquire knowledge, all concentred in his mind in the obligation he was under of ſupporting the honour of his name, and of procuring, even from ſtrangers, a reſpect for his ſplendid equipages, his magnificent furniture, his ſumptuous table; vainly ſuppoſing that he thereby acquired reſpect and eſteem for

himſelf. His wife and two daughters were inſtructed to ſupport a conſiſtency by an elegant careleſſneſs of expence; by learning thoſe exterior accompliſhments which give an irreſiſtible attraction in a ball-room, or affect the tranſient paſſion of the eye. As he ſhunned the fatigues of ſcience himſelf, he truſted that, as nature had endowed him with a tolerable capacity, his children, deſcendants from his ſtem, would inherit the knowledge he had been able to pick up, without waſting their early years in the confinement to any uſeful or valuable improvement.

Poſſeſſed

Poſſeſſed with this inviting principle, it will be readily conceived that the young ladies were charmed with the kind indulgence of their father. He ſeldom read, he ſeldom propoſed books to his family. He uſed to ſay that painting and muſic they need not ſtudy, but only amuſe themſelves with, becauſe they could purchaſe them in perfection. Every article of dreſs it was the univerſal practice to order others to procure; and, therefore, he was too indifferent about moſt accompliſhments, except dancing, the polite freedoms of converſation, a little muſic, talking loud at the opera, and coming exquiſitely into a room: all which nota-

ble endowments they executed *à merveille*, to the great delight of their father, and the public applauſe of Mrs. Howard. But nature had, notwithſtanding, poſſeſſed his eldeſt daughter with a ſhare of ſenſibility and a deſire for mental improvement, which ſeldom fall to the lot of females in very elegant life, but which gave that peculiar zeſt to all her other attractions, which could not fail to awaken the early paſſion of Henry Somerville.

As theſe young ladies were nearly of the ſame age with the young Somervilles, and as theſe elegant endowments were not ſuch as accorded in the ſmalleſt degree with the ſenti-

ments

ments or manners of our Philoſopher; he felt himſelf under much difficulty in determining on ſome certain rule for their intercourſe, during the time of their reſidence in his neighbourhood. Mr. Howard and Mr. Somerville had been college companions; in their young purſuits they had always aſſociated, and the latter not very unfrequently exerted the athletic powers of his mind, as well as of his body, in the ſervice of his friend. Since they had taken the more mature walks of life, Mr. Howard had not been wanting in thoſe many opportunities which a generous mind is apt to avail itſelf of, when it finds occaſion to requite ancient friend-

ſhip, in caſes where either mental anxiety or pecuniary circumſtances ſtand foremoſt in the ſcene.

But, notwithſtanding all theſe, Mr. Somerville felt himſelf the guardian of his family, now riſing into that tender period of time, when, like the aſpen leaf, it is moved by every Zephyr! It was one of the charms of Mr. Howard's villa, that the Somervilles lived only five miles diſtant; too near for long ſeparation, too diſtant for ſhort viſits. The intercourſe of the young ladies was mutually coveted by them; it had hitherto ſubſiſted with undiminiſhed gratification; but it had now become dangerous to be continued.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

SOMERVILLE reflected deeply on his obligations; Howard had completed the ſincerity of his friendſhip, by reconciling, with infinite pains, old Somerville to his ſon. "It is thus," ſaid Mr. Somerville one day to his wife, "that when once you accept a favour, you ſurrender up your independence; our long-tried friendſhip had formerly mutual pledges of kindneſs, which, once performed, were never thought of afterwards, or were balanced by alternate ſervices and eſteem: the firſt, the wiſeſt act

of my life ſevered me for a time from the moſt indulgent of parents, whoſe conceptions have grown wider and wider from mine, as he has advanced in years and I have approached maturity ; but through the interpoſition of my friend, this ſource of the greateſt anxiety I have ever ſtruggled with, has been ſoothed, and at laſt diſpelled. I do not regret that I owe him this obligation, although I feel that it is greater than we can ever repay ; but my concern ariſes from the fear of an imputation of ingratitude. I prefer, at any time, to be charged openly with a crime, than to be ſtabbed by an imputation

which

which generally remains unexplained."

Mrs. Somerville, who did not regret leſs than her daughters would, the proſpect of any ſhyneſs between the families, and who, perhaps, ſecretly cheriſhed a ſmall ſatisfaction in the pride of aſſociating freely with ſuch a circle, and adding to the improvement of her children a little ſhare of their perſonal elegance, endeavoured to reaſon on the propriety of general communications, and the aſſurance ſhe entertained that, as they were ſo far removed from the gay world, it was not very probable that the manners of the Howards could

in any ſerious degree poiſon the ſimplicity of their education.

" How often," replied Mr. Somerville, " has our Fanny returned from their houſe to this ſilent cottage, with an evident diſtaſte of our active purſuits, of our domeſtic œconomy, and the attention to our farm, which, at other times, ſhe is accuſtomed to take ſo much delight in! Here ſhe ſees no tagged lacqueys ready to prevent her call, to wait at her chair, and produce every thing before it can well be aſked for; no table ſpread with luxuries, but the plain homely produce we have all taken ſome part in labouring to provide; no equipages rattling to the door,

nor

nor converſation ſharpened by the expectation of new pleaſures, new magnificence, new entertainments!"

At this moment Mr. Howard's running footman leaped over the green-gate that fronts the houſe, and by a three-fold and violent rattle at the door ſeemed to declare war againſt the family; and, with the knocker in his hand like a battering ram againſt a baſtion, threatened not to leave one ſtone of the fortreſs upon another.

The moment was unfortunate, for our Philoſopher had not made up his mind. Mrs. Somerville fled to her apartment, and Somerville hand-

ed

ed Mrs. Howard and her eldeſt daughter out of the coach.

Henry came in from the field with his fowling-piece, and, without any preparations of dreſs, made his obeiſances to the viſitors: the fatigues of a long day added a ſoftneſs to his manly features and impreſſive eye, which nothing in human ſhape could reſiſt; he was unconſcious of his power, and this ſecured its effect; his auburn hair, blown by the changes of the weather, hung naturally round his countenance; his piece was ſlung negligently over his arm, and his dogs looked up in his face, endeavouring to take part in the portrait

trait which nature had ſo exquiſitely drawn.

Miſs Howard loſt no part of the ſcene before her, and frequently during the fleeting hour ſuddenly checked herſelf in an involuntary ſmile of admiration, while he recounted the exploits of the day, and accuſed her own eyes, which had ſo often deſerted every other object.

Henry, who was at this time about twenty years of age, and to whom all other women were equally indifferent, had, very lately, during a ſhort viſit, felt ſomething of that inexplicable ſenſation of delight, which ſprings coeval with the ſeeds of early attachments, when they firſt

break

break upon the youthful heart. He had no resources to furnish him with ceremonies, no mysterious and unravelled etiquettes, which led him to restrain his open admiration, nor any habits of practised foppery, which taught him that superior rank or disparity of fortune could be an obstacle to nature, or an enemy to truth and freedom. A very short association had been sufficient to stamp upon his heart indelible impressions, which he deemed it neither vanity nor presumption to indulge: he was scarcely apprised of the extent of his feelings, that they lead to a passion in which all men are most avaricious. He saw the young men who visited

at

at the houſe flutter round the young ladies, but their praiſes were feeble in compariſon with thoſe he felt and uſually expreſſed. They, ſometimes amongſt themſelves, ſpoke of Miſs Howard's pouting lips, her charming boſom and her ſpeaking eyes; but he never heard them extol, as he did, her manners, her expreſſive air, her lively converſation, her polite and captivating affability:—he had diſcovered the lovelineſs of her mind, they had only gazed upon the charms of her perſon. Without much information, ſhe had a pleaſing diſcernment that led her to kind ſentiments; ſhe had cultivated the graces, but ſhe poſſeſſed, by nature, a ſweetneſs

of

of diſpoſition, which in Henry's view ſurpaſſed every other accompliſhment.

On the part of Henry, who had ſcarcely ſeen any other woman, his attachment offered the certain proſpect of ſincerity:—on the part of Miſs Howard, who had lived in the circle of luxury and external civility, among young men whoſe admiration and attentions are too often ſatiated by ſecret enjoyment, and their hopes of happineſs blunted by the frequency of promiſcuous indulgence; ſhe had every proſpect, if ſhe could caſt her preference on Henry, of finding mutual unſhaken fidelity and unadulterated affection.

Mrs.

Mrs. Howard explained to Mrs. Somerville as ſoon as ſhe made her appearance, that as ſhe expected a play which Mr. Howard was then buſy in preparing to be performed in their great hall, to which all the country were to be invited, beſides a great number of friends from London, ſhe hoped that Mrs. Somerville and her family would join the throng; that ſhe had no accommodations to offer, as the houſe would be ſo much crowded; but that if five miles was not too far for them to return in the evening, ſhe would enſure them a ſafe and ſecure eſcort.

Mrs. Somerville, who trembled for the hazard of a diſcuſſion which ſhe

ſaw

ſaw her huſband juſt ready to enter upon, and aſſured, from the turn of his ſentiments ſo lately expreſſed, of the tenor of his mind, formed ſome common excuſe of the inequality of her daughters' dreſs to join in ſo ſplendid a circle. It was fortunate that they had that morning lengthened their walk, and were both abſent together; it was more fortunate that Mr. Somerville choſe to adopt his wife's reſource, adding only, between joke and earneſt, "that ſuch circles ſeldom thought themſelves much honoured by two country milk-maids." "As to Mr. Henry," rejoined Mrs. Howard, "we ſhall admit him in boots; and if he chooſes to take the part of

Hawthorn,

Hawthorn, he may bring his gun with him alſo, and will find admittance." Henry bowed with graceful acknowledgment. As he attended them to the coach, he thought he diſcovered new invitation; and while he preſſed the hand of Miſs Howard as ſhe aſcended the ſtep, ſhe paſſed a glance into his eye, which, in a moment, ſeemed to ſet the wiſhed-for day at the diſtance of centuries, and extended the five miles to the long-drawn labours of a tedious journey. Of all the dangers to which the young and ſuſceptible are prone, none is ſo great as an adieu. How often is a ſtate of calm indifference awakened by a look at parting!

How

How often is a doubtful and veering paſſion confirmed by a kind adieu! How transfixed, like Henry's, in a delicious reverie of ſoul, is a heart anxiouſly waiting for encouragement, by a tenderly ſmiling adieu! It is almoſt ſuperior to all that may have paſſed in any preceding interview; it is the laſt trait for the mind to dwell and feed upon until the next viſit; and lovers' memories are not given to much exertions. Like great wits, their profound thinking, if thinking ever enters their brain, ſuperſedes their memory.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

THE hurry and ſplendour of every public exhibition naturally excite the paſſions, and are therefore, a very conſiderable ſource of pleaſure: they amuſe the graver hours of the aged, animate the fancy and add vigour to the gaiety of the young, and generally ſharpen the taſte and pleaſantry of middle life. It will thus be readily conceived that Henry felt no ſmall ſatisfaction in relating to his ſiſters the invitation he had received; but he could form no plan

by which they could be brought to participate.

Mr. Somerville rejoiced to find how eaſily he had placed the firſt barrier againſt a too free intercourſe between the female parts of the families, and truſted with confidence to the fortune of the next opportunity, when ſome other motive equally important might ſerve his purpoſe. He conſidered that his daughters were not likely to form attachments in ſo elevated a circle, and that they would certainly not thereby loſe any in their own; for he would often appropriate to theſe connections a maxim he held invariable in the other walks of life—that if ever men deſert one line for another,

ther, inſtances are very rare indeed where they are not rejected by one for the deſertion, and not received by the other for want of an original ſtation in it.

He had formed no views for his children that were not within his own plan; he had ſtrove to implant upon them a vigorous active virtue, an unſhaken love of truth, an ardent thirſt of enquiry, and an honeſt undiſſembling franknefs, that ſhould contribute to ſecure them a juſt portion of the world's eſteem, and a fair claim to future happineſs.

On this baſis he deſigned that they ſhould build for themſelves their own ſyſtem, and their *unbridled choice*—

he disdained the idea that he could or had a right to grieve at any choice of attachment they might adopt for themselves; as human beings, he contended that they could not be accountable if they acted by constraint; so long and so far as his parental authority was exerted to curb their inclinations, they could not be free agents; his own duty, after their imbecility of infancy was gone by, consisted only in information, example, and advice. "If my son," said he, "was attached to one of the gleaners in the field, and proposed her honourable marriage, it would be his own affair as to present happiness; and as to future hope,

if

if he behaved well, no doubt he would aſcend where diſtinctions are unknown."

When Mrs. Howard returned home, ſhe found Lord Norbury and Sir Francis Bloom, who had juſt arrived from London with intention of amuſing themſelves for a few days with Mr. Howard's hounds. While dinner was ſerving, Mrs. Howard aſked Sir Francis what news he had brought from the other world—a familiar phraſe common amongſt them when retired into the ſhades of nature, and ſpeaking of, or rather languiſhing after, the felicity of court ſplendour and poliſhed entertainments.

"Indeed," anſwered Sir Francis, "every thing is exceedingly dull; there's no one left in town now—no opera, no maſquerade, no pictures, no drawing-room, no ſoul alive; nothing but tradeſmen, and they are all preparing to carry their chuck and their chickens to Margate and South-End. 'Pon my ſoul, you can't venture to knock at any one's door for fear of being kept half an hour, while one old weather-beaten hag upon board-wages is hobbling up ſtairs, and, peeping through the opening of the door for fear of being ruſhed in upon, mumbles out, as well as her few remaining teeth will ſuffer her, 'that my lord's

lord's gone down to Northamptonſhire, and there's nobody at home.' This is all that one gets in London now—and if you attempt to leave your card, the old ducheſs has been making a pudding or ſweeping the hearth, and makes you hold it a quarter of an hour, while ſhe wipes her hand with her apron, before ſhe can receive it."

"A pretty deſcription indeed!" ſaid Mrs. Howard; "but if this is the caſe, how comes it that you have ſtaid there ſo long? What détains you from your charming ſeat in Lincolnſhire?"—"Oh, I am not partial to it!—there's a—a—"—"Not quite ſo much timber there as there

uſed to be," interrupted Lord Norbury: "an ill wind during the ſeverity of laſt winter blew down ſome of the oaks and elms that had grown old in the ſervice."—"Damn the old oaks!" ſaid Sir Francis.—"No, no, Bloom," ſaid his Lordſhip, "damn the ill wind."

At this moment Mr. Howard entered the room, and ſoon after dinner was announced. "Well," ſaid he to Mrs. Howard, "how did you find the Somervilles? I thought you would have enlarged our circle today, by one or both of the young ladies. I think your Lordſhip knows the family," turning to Lord Norbury.—"Yes, very well, I met them

them all here laſt autumn; the young ladies were coming forward very promiſingly." "Aye," ſaid Mrs. Howard, "they are now come forward indeed!" The emphaſis with which ſhe expreſſed the laſt word attracted the notice of Sir Francis. "But," continued Mrs. Howard, "they are not to come next week; I rather think neither their father nor mother much reliſhes ſuch parties for them." "He's a very extraordinary man," ſaid Mr. Howard, "a man whoſe equal, for a noble generoſity of ſoul and manly openneſs of heart, one does not often meet with in the world: but his ideas are a little ſingular. His ſon too is a very fine

young man, and ſeems to tread preciſely in his father's ſteps—[Miſs Howard's eyes were fixed upon her plate]—I believe Mr. Somerville to be a perfect philoſopher." "Is it unphiloſophical," ſaid Lord Norbury, "for his daughters to viſit their friends? He is, perhaps, one of thoſe unſociable beings who, out of their unbounded wiſdom, condemn all the reſt of the world;—I remember a man"—"He is by no means," ſaid Mr. Howard, "one of that caſt; if he has a failing in his judgment, it is not ſo much that he ever judges harſhly, as that he ſees moſt things in a ſtrong light; his ſoul is ſo capacious, that he perceives every

object

object on a great ſcale." "I hope you don't mean," interrupted Lord Norbury, "that he looks at all the world as through a magnifying glaſs; and ſo ſees every failing and trifling folly twice as large as it is in reality?"

"Pardon me," rejoined Mr. Howard: "I meant to repreſent that his philanthropy and virtue cannot be magnified too much; but if he has a judgment to form, he combines readily all his motives, and then his reſolution becomes unalterable."

"There's ſomething great in that," ſaid Lord Norbury: "I ſhould like to ride over there."—"I'll go with you," ſaid Mr. How-

ard.—" Damn me," ſaid Sir Francis, " we'll ſmoke this philoſopher." " You'll find as much fire as ſmoke," replied Mr. Howard.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

ON the following day the gentlemen mounted about noon, and rode towards Mr. Somerville's farm. As they approached, they ſaw him in one of his fields, ſurrounded by a number of his workmen, and aſſiſting them in loading the corn he was then carrying in; his ſon was doing the ſame office in a field adjoining. As they rode into the field, he hailed them with a cheerful welcome, but purſued his labour. Mr. Howard enquired after the ladies.—"I have not ſeen them ſince breakfaſt," ſaid

Mr. Somerville; "I expected them here in their morning walk; but, perhaps, ſome fal-lal or other keeps them at home." "Do they often join you in this hard work?" ſaid Lord Norbury.—"Not very often," returned Mr. Somerville; "but if my girls had been born the daughters of any one of theſe peaſants, this would have been their common employment; and a happier one infinitely than what we provide for them." "Why happier?" ſaid Sir Francis. "Oh," replied Somerville, "becauſe manual activity is the ſoul of happineſs; I often find reſource in labour, when thinking has diſtreſſed me." "I agree to that,"

rejoined

rejoined Sir Francis; "thinking is a damned bore;—but a life like yours I ſhould have thought would have been free from that. Surely, Sir, with every rural gratification round you, anxiety muſt be a ſtranger to you;—few difficulties—all tranquillity—your daily employments—all concur to find pleaſures for you; which, to be ſure, to ſome others would be confounded dull."

"Sir," replied Somerville, "thoſe who think theſe occupations dull, are thoſe who have contrived their own dullneſs, by vitiating their natural taſte by living in a manner which cloys by repetition, and leaves agony and diſtaſte behind it.—Still,

let a man live how he will, he muſt have ſome trial; we are not to look for a paradiſe here—for then we could not expect one by and by; and true prudence is to lead us to chooſe that which will throw ingredients into our cup ſufficient to make the draft go down with as little bitterneſs as poſſible, and leſs ſweet than will cloy the palate."

Sir Francis felt himſelf ſatisfied—Lord Norbury looked at his watch—"Will you go in?" ſaid Mr. Somerville to Mr. Howard: "it is time for me to return home to dinner: if you'll condeſcend to take farm-houſe fare, I can promiſe you a good bottle of old port."

"I find

"I find your philoſophy," ſaid Sir Francis, "tempered with ſound ſenſe at bottom."

As they went on, Mr. Howard rode ſlowly to keep pace with his friend Somerville:—"Why," ſaid he, "do you talk of anxiety? It grieves me to think you ſhould have any ſubject to trouble your repoſe."

"My dear friend," replied Somerville, "you know there is one, which, when I recur to ſome moments which have paſſed under your knowledge, I cannot always get over. Although the intercourſe between my father and myſelf is renewed, yet I feel more pain at ſome of his cold civilities, than

than I did at his anger. When he writes to me, he addreſſes me as he would his lawyer—Sir, and ſometimes ventures to ſay, Dear Sir—he writes about affairs only, and concludes with his compliments to my wife.—Theſe diſtances diſtract me: the tenderneſs of our early intercourſe, when my mother was alive, daily returns to my mind with unabated recollection; and though Heaven forbids that I ſhould feel a moment's regret at my marriage, yet regret will come for the loſs of parental affection, which I have always eſtimated at ſo high a value in the ſcale of human happineſs. However, I know that all theſe muſt be

ſubmitted

ſubmitted to; and as I am bleſſed with an amiable wife, a glorious boy, and lovely girls, I dare not complain. We wiſh to graſp all. Perhaps, if I had not this evil to feel, ſome other would affect me; and perhaps this ſerves to awaken my ſpirits, to give me more energy, to call upon me more earneſtly for my duty."

"I have no doubt of it," ſaid Mr. Howard. As they entered the green gate, Mrs. Somerville came out to meet them; and Henry came gàlloping up to them, with his father's coat upon the points of a pitch-fork; and, alighting in an inſtant, aſſiſted him to put it on.

Lord

Lord Norbury and Sir Francis Bloom engaged both the young ladies in the garden, in gathering and eating fruit as they walked along. They had conceived the ſituation in life of Mr. Somerville to be ſuch, that any notice from men of their rank would be undoubtedly acceptable; and, therefore, they had little previous ceremony of introduction to ſtudy, before they commenced a familiar intercourſe and general converſation. They had found already that Mr. Somerville was not below any one of their ſpecies, except their titles; and they now ſaw that his daughters had as juſt a ſenſe of merit and as amiable manners as any of

thoſe ladies they were accuſtomed to aſſociate with. Sir Francis found that he could not ſmoke either the male or the female philoſophers. Lord Norbury had more intereſting feelings: he had not mingled ſo much folly in his draught as his friend had; and therefore he could taſte with ſuperior reliſh the fruit that was now ſet before him in its genuine perfection.

Fanny was now eighteen;—ſhe had every perſonal accompliſhment which bluſhing nature laviſhes on woman at that age; ſhe had learnt a juſtneſs of expreſſion from her father, and from her mother every feminine attraction with which de-

licacy

licacy adorns a female heart. The dignity and accompliſhments of Miſs Howard were ſoftened into the cheerful vivacity and graceful ſimplicity of Fanny Somerville: ſhe was all native innocence: her countenance ſpoke the purity of her mind, and the charms of her figure and complexion diſplayed the unaffected lovelineſs of nature.

Lord Norbury found her irreſiſtible. Sir Francis, who had ſparkled till his 35th year a beau of the firſt faſhion in town, had loſt that early bloom of ſentiment which, before the eye and the heart are corrupted by vices, knows ſo well how to diſtinguiſh real beauty from the meretricious

meretricious reſemblances or rather attempts it aſſumes in the gay world.

The ladies, on ſeeing Mr. Howard alight, had left them. "Oh, what an angel!" exclaimed Lord Norbury. "Merciful Heaven, to have bleſſed this philoſopher with ſuch a creature in this retreat from all the world!—Are we to dine here?"

"I hope not," ſaid Sir Francis: "it will be curſed work! Your Lordſhip will engroſs all the women's attention, and Howard and I ſhall be bored all the day with Somerville's canting philoſophy." "Then you may return to Mrs. Howard—plead your indiſpenſable duty at her tea-table: for me, I muſt

and will have a little more of this divine creature."

"I'll be ſworn," replied the Baronet, "your Lordſhip is a loſt man! You have been one of the firſt at court, and entitled to the free intercourſe of all the fineſt women in the kingdom, perhaps in the known world; ſurely you owe more to your taſte than to fix your notice in this manner upon a farmer's daughter."

"Ah, my dear Frank!" anſwered his Lordſhip, "I have admired many women very ſenſibly, but I cannot tell how it is, there is ſomething here which I never felt before: but reſt aſſured, I am not ſo loſt a

man

man already, as to drop down at her feet, and, like a coxcomb in a novel, vow and ſwear eternal fidelity in an inſtant."

At this moment Henry approached them, and, with a cordial welcome in his countenance, told them the table waited their preſence; and that he had undertaken to ride immediately to the park, to acquaint Mrs. Howard of their not returning home to dinner.

"Well ſaid," anſwered Sir Francis; "and if you'll take me into your party, I'll ride with you;" and having made his excuſes to Mrs. Somerville, they mounted their horſes and were preſently out of ſight.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

THE cordiality of their hoſt inſpired pleaſantry into his gueſts; Lord Norbury felt himſelf truly at home—the cheerfulneſs of the table gave a zeſt to the plainneſs of the repaſt, which ſupplied the place of thoſe innumerable ſauces which are invented among the great to ſharpen, while they ſerve to ſpoil, the appetite.

When the gentlemen were left to themſelves—" Mr. Somerville," ſaid his Lordſhip, " I envy you the ſocial happineſs you ſeem to enjoy—you poſſeſs yourſelf more than any man I ever met with."

" He

"He does more than that," ſaid Mr. Howard: "he poſſeſſes his friends."

"Sir," ſaid Somerville, "the few who chooſe to favour me with their friendſhip will always find me undiſguiſed: mankind very ſoon ſee when they don't like each other: if we did not cultivate for form and ceremony's ſake thoſe we never can like, we ſhould have fewer falſe friends, as we call them, to complain of— fewer treacheries— and fewer plans for happineſs defeated: the world is wide enough for every one to find his own likeneſs in it; but our ambition and intereſts lead us to preſs connections without ſincerity,

and intimacies without confidence. When we are deceived, we rail at the world: we ſhould rather rail at our own imprudence: we have purchaſed a commodity and paid dear for it too, and find it at laſt an indifferent bargain: in this moſt certainly we are rightly ſerved; for every man of mere intereſt, with all his debaſing attendants of profit and advantage, ſhould be deſerted and deſpiſed—and what puniſhment is more dreadful!

"But, my Lord, you ſaid you envied my ſituation: it is within your power: but, in order to make the change, you muſt part with rank, diſtinction, homage, and, above all, the fear of being thought ſingular.

You

You would call these sacrifices;—and so they are, if your present situation is preferable—if it is not, then you have no cause for envy. But every one is formed for a different station; your Lordship fills one link of the chain which is before us; and if you descended, you might not, perhaps, fill ours so well."

"True," said his Lordship; "but what part of the scale do the young ladies fill?"—"Mine, most assuredly," replied Somerville.

"I rather doubt that," rejoined his Lordship; "there's a something about them which points them out for a more delicate and refined system than yours."

"If by that your Lordſhip means higher life, I moſt ſolemnly declare they are as far from it as any nut-brown maid in Wales: they are very good girls, to be ſure; but I never wiſh (though they are to make their own choice when they are old enough) to ſee them in higher life than myſelf; not becauſe I ſhould regret to ſee them in a ſtation ſuperior to their father and mother, but becauſe I do not find, by all I collect, that they would be happier."

"That can depend only on the man they might connect with," ſaid Mr. Howard.

As the afternoon had begun to cloſe in, the horſes had been ordered early

early to the door. Lord Norbury and his friend, having bid adieu to the ladies, took a gentle ride home.

"Who would expect to find in a ſpot ſo ſequeſtered as this, a man capable of ſo much merit, refined by education, and claiming fair expectations of fortune, purſue ſuch a plan of rigid economy, active virtue, and be content to ſuppreſs his talents, and with all the powers of philoſophy accuſtom himſelf even to the manual labours of his farm! What a family! Surely, my dear Howard, you have carried me to a ſpot of enchantment! Such another is not to be found in the four corners of the earth!"

"It is not poſſible to ſpeak of him as he deſerves," ſaid Mr. Howard—"I am rather concerned that Sir Francis thought ſo ſlightly of him as to decline any acquaintance with him."

"Why, to tell you the truth," replied his Lordſhip, "Frank loves the follies of the world too much to think. He was juſt leaving college when I entered: and the little attention I underſtand he ever could be led to pay there to his ſtudies was totally diſſipated by his travels, which he immediately engaged in; and ever ſince his return to England, he has made up his want of thought by his gaieties. You will, therefore,

therefore, judge how little relish he can be supposed to retain for sentiment or philosophy."

Lord Norbury had never heard Mr. Howard throw out the least hint relative to his daughters, and their future fortunes. He had observed them with much pleasure—he had seen their merit—he admired Harriet, and felt the effect of her elegant refinements; but he had felt the same for twenty other women. He was a young nobleman of about twenty-three years of age, whose address and character would ensure him respect among men and courtesy from the women;—and so conspicuous did he stand in public esti-

mation, that it was impoſſible for him to diſcover always, whether the manner in which he was received aroſe from a ſenſe of his own previous condeſcenſion, or from real eſteem.

As they drew near to the houſe, they met Henry upon his return.—"Why do we loſe you?" ſaid Mr. Howard—"I was in hopes you would have gone out to-morrow with our hounds."—Henry excuſed himſelf, and purſued his way.

"He ſeems a fine young man," ſaid his Lordſhip: "in ſhort, I never ſaw ſuch a ſet of incomparables in my life."

They were met at the park-gate by Sir Francis Bloom; who, though

though not quite overſet, had made ſo intimate acquaintance with the young farmer, as he called him, that he had arrived at the happy talent of being able to chatter an infinite ſtock of nonſenſe, out of which he blundered at random upon a word or two of truth.—" Ah, ha, my Lord!" ſaid he, ſtumbling up to him; " why, why, I do think your Lordſhip was right to ſtay!—We have had all the fun here to ourſelves—the young dog ſays—I—I—you—no, not I, by God—why, he ſays he's in love:—ſo, my Lord, you'll loſe the girl if you don't look ſharp."

"How is all this?" ſaid Mr. Howward. "Nay, nay, perhaps Miſs Harriet may tell ſomething about it," added Sir Francis.—"For ſhame, Frank!" ſaid Lord Norbury. "I muſt inſiſt upon it you do not uſe any lady's name here, while you are heard by the fellows ſtanding about." "Aye, aye, my dear Lord, but I know it is, and ſo you muſt mind what you do."

In Sir Francis Bloom's contemptible condition, any attempt at explanation would have increaſed their anxiety. There ſeemed to be a ſtrong indication, that, if any thing like an attachment had been diſcovered, Lord Norbury was not the

man

man intended; and had it been otherwiſe, perhaps neither Mr. nor Mrs. Howard would have been much diſcontented;—but to place any dependence on this hint was imprudent, although it was ſufficient to awaken their ſurpriſe.

They joined the company in the drawing-room. Here they did not meet with the moſt diſtant token of any ſerious ſubject; they were received with the accuſtomed cheerfulneſs of the circle; and as Sir Francis moſt wiſely conſented to be put to bed, they paſſed a ſocial evening, divided between muſic and a rubber at caſino.

CHAP. VIII.

HENRY, whoſe open heart had, very unſuſpectingly of miſchief, fallen into undiſguiſed converſation with the Baronet on the ſubject of their mutual friends, had been more laviſh in his praiſes of Harriet, than Sir Francis in the vortex of town life was accuſtomed to hear. "This is talking like a lover, Mr. Somerville."—Henry had never yet met with any perſon to whom he could talk in this manner about her: for, notwithſtanding all our utmoſt affection and confidence to parents,

we

we feel their authority or their influence, and we dread to communicate with them for fear of their negative. In the present case Henry had least cause to dread this; but he did not know all his father's mind.

"Indeed, Sir," returned he, "I am most truly a lover."—Sir Francis smiled. "It is now more than a year," continued Henry, full of glowing delight, that he had found a man who he thought encouraged him to proceed—"it is now more than a year since I have fought, by every means in my power, to forget the anxiety I feel when I reflect that in Miss Harriet's long absence in London, her own merit and the circle

cle ſhe moves in will never admit a hope for me." "She is certainly very much noticed," ſaid Sir Francis; "and I ſhould rather think—"—"May "form ſome connection there," interrupted Henry. "Too well I thought ſo—but, Sir, is it wrong or unnatural that I ſhould entertain ſuch high opinions of her?" "Certainly neither," ſaid Sir Francis; "but you muſt not preſume to monopoliſe them." "Pray, Sir," ſaid Henry quickly, "do you then deſign to take part in them?" "Do you require an anſwer?" ſaid Sir Francis briſkly. Henry looked ſurpriſed. "Why do you aſk that queſtion?" repeated the Baronet. "Becauſe," added

Henry,

Henry, "if you do, we may compare our thoughts, and ſee which of us loves her moſt."—"Did I ſay I loved her?" ſaid Sir Francis—"Beware of miſtakes on ſuch a ſubject."

"Then, Sir, I preſume you do not mean to participate in my ſentiments of admiration?" "What then?" aſked Sir Francis.

"Then, Sir, you are not one of thoſe who can blame me for the monopoly."

"By Heaven, you are as great a philoſopher as your father!"

"That, Sir," ſaid Henry, "will never be!" "But a little to the point," ſaid Sir Francis:—"Do you really deſign to offer your pretenſions to this

this lady's conſideration?"—Henry pauſed—he looked twice in the face of his companion—as often he could diſcover no other than that ſallow complexion, the common garb of debauchery, wearing faſt away into the vale of waſting ſtrength, which defies the deepeſt urgency of nature to effect a glow:—he could ſee in his eye nothing but that watery ſtillneſs which ſucceeds the total loſs of manly expreſſion and vivacity—he began to deſpiſe him—to reproach himſelf for his too free communication—he thought the tone of the laſt queſtion diſcovered ſomething like reproof or ſcorn;—his pulſe began to beat.—Thus the innocent are affected with

the

the mere ſhadow of ſurmiſe paſſing by them, as modeſt women bluſh when they hear or ſpeak of modeſty.

"That is a queſtion, Sir, which I am not yet prepared to anſwer; and to one perſon only in the world do I owe an anſwer to it."

The Baronet, to whom all women were abſolutely indifferent, and who, therefore, had never ſuffered himſelf to be drawn into an affair on their account, except once at a maſquerade, when a retired interview was interrupted by the huſband of his incognita—affected the utmoſt *nonchalance* at the ſubject; and, as they rode on, contrived to fill up ſeveral vacancies in their converſation by

whiſtling,

whiſtling, calling to the dogs which followed them, and by at laſt purpoſely telling Henry of what he could form no poſſible comprehenſion, the ſplendour of the Queen's drawing-room, and the ſkill of Monſieur Veſtris ſtanding a quarter of an hour on one toe.

Upon their arrival at the park, they were welcomed by Mrs. Howard and her daughters at the gate; and after Henry had delivered his meſſage, they gave their horſes to the groom, and accompanied the ladies to the houſe.

The ſimplicity which Miſs Howard always obſerved in her dreſs in the country was calculated to in-

ſpire

ſpire new devotion in Henry, whoſe ſoul was ſimplicity itſelf; but his noble and generous ſpirit, ever miſtruſtful of his own recommendations, dared but ſuffer his eyes to approach her with reſpect, while his heart bounded towards her, and ſeemed already to poſſeſs the object of his ardent hopes. His converſation to Mrs. Howard and to any other perſon was free and gay; to Harriet he was diſtant, attentive, and ſilent; but ready to catch and treaſure up every word ſhe expreſſed.

Whence is that ſource of awe, of duteous obedience, of diſtant reſpect, to her we love? Whence is that backwardneſs in ourſelves to venture

with

therefore very ſoon withdrew with her female party.

Champagne and burgundy then circulated without controul.—Sir Francis called upon Henry for a lady—he heſitated a moment—"Come, my boy," ſaid Sir Francis, "out with it—here ſhe is in a flowing bumper—damn me, give me your hand, ſhe is a fine creature to be ſure—now for it—pronounce her name—and damn me, we'll ſwallow her down with nine times nine."

If it had been poſſible for Fuſeli to invent a countenance of more horror than that of Henry, he muſt himſelf have been the demon of diſcord: to ſtifle his rage was for a mo-

ment

ment pondering in his mind—he had never been put in ſuch a ſituation—he had none with whom he could adviſe—diſtraction augmented his concern: happily for Sir Francis, he pauſed a moment longer, and recovered himſelf—"As you deſire my toaſt with ſo much animation, Sir Francis, I offer you the lady of this hoſpitable manſion, Mrs. Howard." "Sir!" ſaid Sir Francis, viewing him with infinite aſtoniſhment—

"Sir," reſumed Henry, "I give you Mrs. Howard, and demand your nine times nine."—A general laugh burſt from all the party.—Henry roſe from his ſeat—a flaſh of indignation darted from his eye.—"Gen-

tlemen, I feel myſelf in the houſe of my friend: if I miſtake not, you are well verſed in parties of wine at London; but they are ſo different from any that I have ever ſeen, that you will excuſe me if I feel no ſmall concern at being obliged to leave this houſe abruptly, that we may all avoid the conſequences of any repetition of ſuch an inſult as this." The reader will eaſily account for the haſty manner in which he paſſed Mr. Howard and Lord Norbury on the road.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

THERE were many traits in the conduct of Henry which well atteſted his attachment; but none ſo amply ſufficed to confirm its ſincerity with himſelf and Sir Francis as the laſt: for a true lover is tenacious of every whiſper upon the fair name of his miſtreſs;—ſcarcely dares a zephyr blow upon her fame, but he is jealous of its flight, and would arreſt its progreſs:—to offer her name at table as a toaſt is one of the laſt barbariſms he can admit; it puts her on a level with every other woman

whoſe fame has grown upon her public imprudence, or her dramatic ſkill.—If he is jealous of the eye of thoſe who are practiſed and hackneyed in the ways of men, how much more is he jealous of their inſulting comments on her charms! and he thinks that while he preſerves her from ſuch notice, ſhe is like the ſun at earlieſt dawn,

"Bluſhing along the ſky, and ſparkling in the dew." CHRISTALL.

It was unfortunate for Henry, that this event happened before he had ſcarcely ſearched his own heart, or had diſcovered points enough in the conduct of Harriet by which he could judge of hers. He related to

his

his father the whole of his caſe without diſguiſe: it was not likely that he ſhould meet any obſtacles from him; but he reaſoned with him on the imprudence of his haſtineſs. "It would have been far more honourable if you had not ſhewn ſo much tenacity, and ſo evidently diſcovered your riſing contempt for Sir Francis: the world never endures that the truth ſhould appear at all times and in all its lights; not that I would recommend you to diſguiſe it by falſehood, but ſuppreſs it when it would diſcover itſelf in adverſe ſentiments. This you muſt adopt in moſt caſes, except thoſe in which you are detecting ſome wrong: then, the

more truth that can be brought forward ſets you up and ſecures your ſtation above the moſt powerful antagoniſt."

"Sir," ſaid Henry, "I have heard you declare, that truth may be ſpoken to princes, if courage be not wanting."

"'Tis true, my boy, but that is under the circumſtance of detection; for if that were an univerſal doctrine, and we were to ſay all we think and all we could ſay to one another, and at all times, no two people could live or have communication with each other: you may ſee ſomething contemptible in my character or manner, but you have no right to tell

me

me ſo becauſe it may be true. Beſides, in one part of your converſation, you was verging very near upon envy and jealouſy; and began to trouble yourſelf leſt Sir Francis ſhould participate in your affair; if they were both veſted in him, you was wrong, for you had no ground to conceive ſo—you had not yet diſcerned his character. I can venture to gueſs, that from his character and profligate life he is no very great favourite with any of the family."

"How comes he to be ſo intimate then?" "Becauſe," continued Somerville, laying his hand upon Henry's ſhoulder, "there are in all ſtations of life, but among the great more eſpe-

cially, reasons of interest or ceremony, which forbid men the pleasure or the courage of selecting their acquaintance as I can do here. I dare venture to guess that our worthy friend at the Park has some election influence—some thread of rising fame; or, perhaps, some tinselled cord of splendour in London that necessarily passes through this foolish coxcomb, or he would cast him off with disdain."

"I had always conceived," said Henry, "that men of his immense fortune could do just as they please in every thing."

"Whatever they may appear to do," added his father, "rest assured they

they are tied down to the ſtake of dependence as much or more than their inferiors: they are daily making large ſacrifices to this idol; and this is the price they pay for their greatneſs. As to honour and glory, they purſue them as a benighted traveller purſues a glow-worm: cold and inhoſpitable is their reception; and, if they never attain the goal, they are deſpiſed."

"I do not then envy them theſe falſe honours." "No, my brave boy; you muſt learn to deſpiſe them, and you will find ſuperior happineſs in the ſhades of retirement, as I have done. But let me conjure you not

to ſuffer envy or jealouſy to gain the leaſt footing in your attachments: for one will teach you to diſſemble, to aſſume a gay outſide while it rankles at the heart; it has a copious ſhare of artifice and wily contrivances to ſupplant its adverſary, and often falls into its own ſnare; for it raiſes continual conteſts, and, like moſt other cowards, ſeldom ſucceeds: and as to jealouſy, always remember, that the women never forgive it."

The anxiety which filled Henry's breaſt is better conceived than deſcribed: he reflected on the paſt ſcene, and the paſt converſation, and particularly the laſt words of it, with inexpreſſible pain. His ſanguine diſ-

poſition

position painted to him the probable disapprobation of his conduct, not only by Mr. Howard but by his daughter: as to that of the Baronet, it occupied least of his care.

In the mean time Mr. Howard was not inactive in endeavouring to find out the meaning of the unconnected expressions muttered by Sir Francis on their arrival. At first he smiled at the presumption of young Somerville, and flattered the Baronet with those contemptuous sneers at inferiors which put them so far below the notice of high born-men, as to release *them* from the necessity of explanations of honour, which, among their equals, would in similar cases

with as much eaſe to converſe on general topics with her as with others? Ah! whence is that anxious tremulation of voice and hand, when ſhe firſt allows us to aſſiſt her ſtep, and preſſes on our nerveleſs arm as ſhe aſcends a carriage! Oh love! benign radiance of Heaven! It is thou who thus markeſt on our ſoul thy indelible ſtamp of truth, and weakeneſt every nerve of manhood in order that thou mayeſt impreſs thy ſeal the deeper without reſiſtance!

Sir Francis did the honours of the table in the abſence of Mr. Howard: the circle had been increaſed by two gentlemen who reſided in the ſame

county.

county, and who had chofen to amufe themfelves rather deeply in the billiard-room, while the ladies were dreffing for dinner; and from their appearance at table, it was not very difficult to difcern between the lofer and the winner, or whether the ftake had been large or fmall: the gravity of the one threw a damp upon the circle, which the fuccefs of the other had not power to rally. Henry frequently checked his own reverie; and Sir Francis, complaining of fatigue, had continual recourfe to wine to infpire both himfelf and his friends with the cheerfulnefs they required.

Mrs. Howard faw the profpect which offered for the evening, and therefore

the next in diſcovering the party at a diſtance, hazarding their precious perſons only to the extent of the lawn: from his ſecret covert he could ſometimes ſcarcely ſuppreſs his raptures at the ſound, when Harriet's gentle voice breathed to the harp ſome captivating ſtrains: here he watched the harmony, and lent his ear attentively to gather converſations which died away upon the floating breeze. Here he drank deep draughts of animating paſſion, when he watched every motion and geſture of her elegant form, folded in muſlin, and relieved, all ſubduingly relieved, by the verdure on which ſhe trod. To poſſeſs the ſoul in ſuch a

ſituation,

be made to hear the declaration of a paſſion he might not approve, and on the other, a rejection which might end in diſcord or diſregard. They were reſolved upon the neceſſity of meeting; both happily determining, that, whatever ſhould be the reſult, it would be impoſſible for ſuch friends to quarrel.

Henry had often bent his rides towards the park, when the cool evening and the ſtillneſs of twilight invite the moſt delicious temper of the ſoul; here, that he might not too frequently intrude, he had wandered in the thickeſt ſhade, content with the pleaſure he had taſted on the preceding evening in their converſation, to paſs

Courtesy and politeness seemed to govern her behaviour; and, though she kept none at awful distance, she invited none too near.

"Oh, indulgent Providence!" would Henry's honest heart exclaim—"Be thou my guardian guide! suffer me to cherish this lovely emulation in my heart, and ere I presume to disturb that tranquil bosom with my sighs, prepare me to deserve her!"

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

TO abjure the impulſe of the moment, and to conſult the rectitude of honourable ſelf-denial, in the midſt of the high tumult of the heart and affections, is a mark of reſolute principle very ſeldom found in a young man of twenty, full of life and vigour, animated by the continual feaſt of admiration, and the angelic ſuperiority of one above all the other female ornaments of creation. Henry had ſcarcely ever indulged his lips with ſpeaking in Miſs Howard's

praiſe,

praiſe, to any but his ſiſter Fanny: even to her he never avowed his paſſion; for he dared not hope ſucceſs—he dared not indulge his mind with the proſpect too diſtant for his reach.

Harriet herſelf had never heard or ſeen from Henry but the moſt reſpectful attention—intereſting and affecting to her, becauſe it was unformed by civilized ceremony or fawning ſycophancy. His countenance never diſcovered that veil which conceals half the meaning of the poliſhed courtier; and his body never loſt its manlineſs and dignity by thoſe vain and fantaſtic contortions which ſo univerſally diſgrace the manners and characters of highly accompliſhed life.

It

It was ſtrange that Harriet, who was not old enough to have yet been diſguſted with the path ſhe moved in, ſhould, without a word from any individual, have indulged a preference for a man whoſe manners and conduct had been directed more by unaffected nature than any one of her uſual aſſociates: but it ceaſes to be ſtrange, when we reflect that this man was ſuch an one as Henry Somerville.

Mr. Howard could diſcover nothing in his daughter's countenance which any wiſe explained to him the enigma of Sir Francis's blundering hints, beyond what he could gather from the Baronet's account of their evening ride; and, while he was gone

to

to ſift the matter with his friend, Lord Norbury propoſed a lounge with Sir Francis through the park to the great canal, where they might waſte an hour or two in angling, and talk over the ſame buſineſs together.

His Lordſhip defended Henry, and ſaid Sir Francis had certainly puſhed him too far. "Damn the fellow!" ſaid Sir Francis; "he has ſomething about him one don't expect in ſuch a place as this; if he was upon the town, we might make ſomething of him; but he has been brought up in his father's houſe, and made to ſwallow all his crabbed philoſophy,

losophy, that unless you fall into their way they know nothing—"

"You mistake them," said Lord Norbury: "they know more of men and things, by the study of nature, than you are aware of; they are insensibly led to this by their constant occupation, and the mixture of people they see: they live here, it is true; but they are so much known and so highly respected, that they scarcely pass a day without visits from the first people in the county. As to the old man, he has got into a way of living freely in his old age—he has been a miser—now he is quite a gay spend-thrift at sixty-nine."

"Aye,

"Aye, aye! let's go and ſee the old buck."—"With all my heart," replied his Lordſhip: "I underſtand that Howard reconciled him to his ſon upon his marriage, elſe I ſhould have thought the old gentleman was comforting himſelf upon his ſon's diſinheritance. I ſhould imagine he would leave Somerville's children ſomething worth having."

"Aye," ſaid Sir Francis, "then the girls will come in for a ſhare. That Fanny is a fine piece, my Lord." His Lordſhip made no reply. "Can we contrive no method," reſumed Sir Francis, "of carrying her off?—Zounds, ſhe'll be loſt here, like the flower I have heard ſomebody ſpeaks

of,

of, that is to blush unseen;—'tis a damned shame."

"My dear Frank," interrupted Lord Norbury, a warm blush rising in his cheek; "let us hear no more of this abominable nonsense—Sir, the man who should dare—"

"Halloo! upon my soul, why—why, my Lord, you—pray, are you acting Cato now, or Romeo?—or perhaps you are preparing to plunge into this glassy stream."

"Be serious, Frank; I have said nothing to be laughed at: surely it is not a very idle thing for a man to declare he will defend the honour of innocence and beauty."

"Most

"Moſt noble knight of Arcadia! from henceforth I ſhall hear couplets flow from your Lordſhip's enamoured lips: you will dip your pen in honey—paſs the lingering day in contemplating the rural charms of cottage ſimplicity, and dignify the hereditary counſellor of the crown with the laurel wreaths of ruſtic indolence and the homely honours of the diſtaff, with Fanny by your ſide—Ha! ha! ha!—"

Lord Norbury was in no mood to reliſh all this ridiculous raillery; but knowing the temper of his friend, and not ſuſpecting that he had any deſign upon innocence and virtue, he endeavoured to hide what he felt

by joining in the laugh. "Well," resumed Sir Francis, "if this is to be the case, I shall find this place insufferably dull. You'll be sighing for Fanny; young Somerville will improve your sorrows by sighing for Harriet, who by the way never can be his; and I shall have nothing left but a sleepy lounge all day, and a never-ending rubber at night with the old folks; so I shall order my horses, and be off this afternoon."

"You cannot be serious!" said his Lordship: "consider, the house is to be full the day after to-morrow, and we have received particular invitations."

"That

"That is of no conſequence: your Lordſhip knows that a man of faſhion has always an excuſe! I ſuppoſe you'll go and perſuade the women to come?" "Moſt undoubtedly," anſwered his Lordſhip; "I propoſe doing ſo this very day, and we'll drive to old Somerville's to-morrow."

Lord Norbury did not reliſh either this rattling converſation, or the explanation that ſeemed to be drawing on relative to Henry's attachment: there could be no reaſonable grounds to ſuppoſe that Mr. Howard would accede; and the natural reſult would be an immediate coldneſs between the families; that he, as the friend of Mr. Howard, muſt appear to take

part

part with him; and his rank prevented him, like lovers of equal fame and fortune, from ſtealing unperceived to each other's hearts, through the means of retired walks, moonlight ſhades, and reſpectful diſtances: that the reſult muſt be, either to renounce his paſſion, or his friend. He was thus ſurrounded by a net-work of difficulty that embarraſſed him. Could the interview be prevented? Mr. Howard was already on the road—his mind was anxious—if he could be overtaken, he was not likely to liſten to ſpecious argument—and his Lordſhip ſhunned declaring his true reaſons. Men do not ſo ſoon avow their attachments. Beſides, it

 might

might be a ſlur upon the honour of Sir Francis, and appear as if he was fearful of any conſequences from what had paſſed.

His difficulties increaſed as he reflected, and he found it impoſſible to alter the courſe of things. "I have a great mind," ſaid he to Sir Francis, "to alter our plan: what does it ſignify to us, whether theſe girls come here or not?—We ſhall have all the fineſt women in the county—Let's go and ſee the old fellow to-day; perhaps Howard may have ſome ſcheme for us to-morrow."

They walked to the houſe and mounted their horſes, and in two hours time they entered Mr. Somerville's

ville's grounds together. They were admitted at the gate by an old man, whom Sir Francis remembered to have ſeen at Norbury Park in Suffolk. He bowed with great humility; and Lord Norbury, who was deſirous of learning as much as poſſible about his maſter, encouraged him by condeſcending to aſk how long he had been there, and other general queſtions tending to lead him on to give ſome hiſtory of his maſter's preſent ſituation.

CHAP. XI.

OLD Ralph had now reached his ſeventieth year, and his locks had grown grey in ſervices like the preſent. He had very early in life been ſeized by a preſs-gang at an ale-houſe door, while he was comforting himſelf after the labour of the day; and, having ſuffered a few hard knocks in his country's cauſe, had been diſcharged from the ſervice at the cloſe of the war, and had never been able to reſume his ruſtic occupations; for he now counted two-and-fifty years ſince he had firſt worn the

the crutch with which he hobbled to the gate.

"My maſter, pleaſe your Lordſhip, ſince I have lived with him, which is now fifteen years come next Lammas, has had many things to trouble him; and though he has for ſome years paſt changed his living to a deal more company and expence than when I firſt came here, yet he always appears very poorly, and as though he were deeply afflicted. But if your Lordſhip knowed young Mr. Somerville, he married againſt maſter's pleaſure, and ſo he never has got over it; and ſome ſay here in the village as remembered when he bought this place, that he was to be made a

Lord or a Baronet—and this marriage disappointed all that, seeing he was vexed at it, and had no other son nor nephew. But since all that time we have had it all made up, and the young gentleman has persuaded master to take more pleasure; and we have had a power of company, but master has not joined a great deal amongst them; and some people have often come whom he would not care to join if he knowed what they said of him; for as I have opened this gate to every one, I often hears what's said of him."

"Why, what could be said, Ralph?"

"Oh, my Lord! some gentlemen as have been here hunting and feasting

ing for weeks, have rode away and said, 'It's a nice place, but the old dog is resolved to keep it'—as if they wanted him to sell it—and then—'The old scoundrel won't die—he'll hold us a tug yet'—and so forth.—I could not understand all this, and so I told my dame about it, and she knows a thing or two, being she goes oftener to house than I does; and she says it's about their drinking—but I never heard how master ever drinked hard neither. Poor gentleman! we be all in great alarm now."

"On what account?" said Sir Francis.

"Because he's very bad, and all the men have been sent about all night for

doctors; and Tom, the ſtable-boy, is gone for young maſter.—Why, my Lord, maſter's as old as I be—and we muſt expect to be called at our time.—God bleſs your Lordſhip! I hope you'll ſee many a good day yet, and have a large honoured family." "Thank ye, Ralph;" ſaid his Lordſhip, dropping half-a-crown into his hat; and at this moment a poſt-chaiſe drove in with great haſte, containing Mr. Somerville and his ſon.

The carriage did not ſtop; but Lord Norbury, making ſign to the driver to proceed, looked in and ſaid, "We have juſt heard the cauſe of your haſte."

They

They were then turning their horſes round in order to take their journey home; but Ralph aſſured them that the houſe was full of company, that maſter had often been taken ill ſuddenly, and that he did not doubt they would find ſome friends and ſome refreſhments.

As the day ſeemed to be caſt out for adventures, they determined to take Ralph's advice.

When they entered the great hall, they ſaw on all ſides hats and boots, and guns and powder-horns; and in one part, a door half open diſcovered the rattle of dice, the brawl of the loſers, and the hooting and clapping of the winners. A crowded billiard-room

greens terminated by the gothic tower of the parish church.

"How infinitely to be preferred," said his Lordship to himself, "is this tranquil saloon, to the noise of those unfeeling guests!" Here he determined to pause till Sir Francis Bloom had grown weary by ill success.

Whatever might be the event of old Somerville's present attack, he congratulated himself that it was not possible Mr. Howard and his son should have met; and delay seemed to offer a favourable gleam of hope. Having glanced over the books which surrounded the room, and being in no temper for study, but superior to indolence of mind, and readily

in-

indulging the lapſe of thought on thought—for

"Lull'd in the countleſs chambers of the brain,
"Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;"

his Lordſhip found himſelf inſenſibly led to the ſource of every attachment, when, ſilent and alone, the mind, excluding every other object, dwells on the inward ſentiment, and ſeeks in vain to find the ſource of honourable love!

"The ſweetly melting ſoftneſs which attracts
O'er all the edge of pain, the ſocial pow'rs—"

entirely poſſeſſed his heart; and more than an hour glided unperceived

away

way in this delicious feaſt of contemplation. An arm-chair ſtood near a writing table in the middle of the room; and, as he drew it towards him, a paper fell to the floor. As there appeared to be ſome writing upon it, he took it up with intent to replace it on the table, for he could not avoid perceiving that it might have its importance.—It was written in ſo indifferent a hand as to be ſcarcely legible, but it appeared to be freſh; and was the beginning of a codicil, thus:—"Codicil, 15 Sep. —I give to my grand-daughter Fran—" Here there was an irregular mark down the paper, as if the

hand

hand of the writer had been suddenly shaken.

"Poor Frances!" said his Lordship to himself; "a few minutes more and thou mightest have been mistress of this whole domain!" The demon of intelligence rushed across his Lordship's brain, and told him at this moment that Frances's expectations were less than nothing—a fine person without fortune—beauty without the reach of splendour! He rose from his seat as if some great action filled his breast.—Sir Francis Bloom had suggested—what!—horror to think of!—And yet—if *he* should effect it?—How many others disdain delay? Every

one

one here is occupied in vice, he may catch the design when flushed with success!—'Sdeath! I wrong him, grossly wrong him!--He is not so base a coward as to lay siege to innocence and virtue!

At this moment Mr. Somerville and his son entered the room. Lord Norbury smothered his perturbation in making excuses for his being found in that house at such a period; adding, that he had waited some time to know the result, and that the servants he supposed had been too much employed to bring him intelligence; and that he was waiting for Sir Francis Bloom, who had joined some of the company.

"Great

"Great part of that company," replied Mr. Somerville, "muſt very ſoon be made acquainted that my father is no more. I find that he was alone at a late hour at night, and when his man came to him in this room, he was ſpeechleſs in his chair, with a pen clenched in his hand: he was then put to bed, and never opened his eyes or ſpoke a word. They were uſing fifty remedies to ſtimulate latent life—till my arrival; and the confuſion increaſing, he juſt raiſed his eye-lids, while I was preſſing his hand to my lips. He recovered ſufficient ſtrength to fold his other hand over mine, and, uttering a deep ſigh, fell lifeleſs on his pillow."

After

After a moment's pauſe, while Somerville wiped away an involuntary tear, Lord Norbury handed him the paper he had juſt diſcovered.

"This muſt have been the paper which my father was employed upon at his laſt attack." "I hope," ſaid Lord Norbury, "it will not be found that your daughter is unnoticed by the will." "I fear it may," anſwered Mr. Somerville; "but the girls will not want a friend (looking towards his ſon). "Not while Henry lives!" added this noble youth— a generous tear ſtealing down his cheek.

Mr. Somerville then perceived the keys ſtill depending from one of the

table

table drawers, which he immediately opened. Lord Norbury walked to the door; Henry entreated him to ſtay, as his advice might be of great uſe to them.—" And there are a ſtrange ſet of people here, whom I know not," added he, " in what way to get rid of."

Mr. Somerville, having rung the bell, ordered that the gentlemen ſhould be acquainted with the event which had juſt happened; and in leſs than a quarter of an hour, the whole troop, in the midſt of the noiſe of Babel, galloped off from the door, accompanied by Sir Francis, whoſe mind was now too much occupied to think of his friend.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

THE open drawer contained a few bundles of papers tied together with red tape, and in the front, half opened, was a will: it was written on one ſide of a ſheet of paper, and, after giving orders for a ſumptuous funeral, bequeathed the reſt of the property to Henry.

Henry ſtopped Lord Norbury's congratulations, by expreſſing his regret that his grand-father had been ſo backward in making a more equal diviſion, and requeſting his father and Lord Norbury to witneſs his declaration,

eclaration, that, whatever the reſi-
ue might prove, it ſhould be equal-
r participated between himſelf and
is family. But the generoſity of
his imaginary heir was unhappily
ircumſcribed within very narrow
imits; for, on looking into the con-
ents of the bundles, they diſcovered
everal grants of conſiderable annu-
ities to the deceaſed for his life, and
heavy charges upon all his eſtates to
very nearly their value, for the
money which he had paid in the pur-
chaſes of theſe annuities. Silence
and indignation poſſeſſed Lord Nor-
bury;—Mr. Somerville could ſcarce-
ly believe what he ſaw: at length,
ſlowly cloſing the drawer and lock-
ing

ing up its dire contents, he exclaimed in a low voice—" Miftaken man!"

Chagrined and difappointed as he was, and having juft caufe to complain, yet Mr. Somerville was never heard to drop a word of crimination or difrefpect to the memory of his father. Henry faw the concern which difcovered itfelf, without knowing the reafon. Mr. Somerville in few words explained it. Henry fmiled at the reverfe; adding, that " he felt no difappointment for himfelf, but for the fhare which others would have taken in his fortunes."

John Barton, who had lived near thirty years with the fenior Mr. Somerville,

nerville, and had in that time ac-
red a very tolerable insight into
his affairs, corroborated the truth
these transactions. "One day,"
l he, "that yourself and my late
ster had been conversing a long
e on the event of your marriage,
ich you had defended by strong
ressions of right; my master was
y much agitated, and soon after
ur return home drove to town,
d gave orders for some of the
siness you mention; and some law-
rs came down here together about
ortnight after, and the parchments
re signed, and I was called in to wit-
ss them; and I well remember that
y master then said, "Now we shall
do;"

do;" and he and one of the gentlemen ſhook hands together, and ſeemed to enjoy what was done; but I did not know what it was; and the ſame perſon, whoſe name was Armſtrong, came ſeveral times afterwards; and whenever he came, I was always called in to ſign my name."

Mr. Somerville ſtifled, as well as he could, the riſing ſenſations of nature; and having given John full orders for the funeral, agreeably to the will, and having fixed the day when he would come to attend it, was preparing to ſet off. Lord Norbury expreſſed his aſtoniſhment that he ſhould attend a funeral, and

particularly where he had been ſo unkindly treated.

"It is," replied Mr. Somerville, "the laſt office we can perform to the remains of our relations: to deſert them at ſuch a period is like deſerting helpleſs infancy."

As the road ſeparated near the lodge, Lord Norbury took leave of Mr. Somerville and his ſon, and purſued his return to Mr. Howard's, filled with new ideas, and not a little affected with Henry's firm and generous diſpoſition; and as he had no pretence for taking the road with Somerville, he ſoothed his anxiety with the idea that their preſence at

home would afford ample protection to all parts of his family.

"You now ſee," ſaid Mr. Somerville to his ſon, "the uſe that may be made of our reſolution, to make ourſelves as happy as we can within ourſelves.—Had we accuſtomed ourſelves to form great expectations for the day which has now arrived, we ſhould have ſordidly coveted the enjoyments of another, and have been juſtly diſappointed. We have now much leſs to feel, and ſhall have the ſatisfaction of proving our friends: thoſe who have fluttered round us, like butterflies in a ſun-beam, will be ſeen to baſk in ſome other hemiſphere;—thoſe whoſe eſteem we may

value

value will ſhew their ſincerity by continuing their friendſhip."

Henry was loſt in thought.—"Beſides, my dear boy," added Mr. Somerville, "it is not friendſhip only that is tried by adverſity: the affections find more noble incitements to prove their ſincerity, and the ſoul diſcovers far more energy by oppoſition than it can acquire by an uninterrupted channel of proſperous fortune."

"I never formed hopes of Harriet," ſaid Henry, "by annexing any ideas of fortune on either ſide: I found that I loved her, without ever conſidering whether my affection could be weighed by gold; but I learn that this is commonly the

caſe; and I now learn too, that every hope is loſt!"

"You know, Henry," ſaid his father, "that when you firſt mentioned your attachment, I could not flatter you with hopes. It does not appear to me that money would ever forward or prevent it; there is ſo wide a diſtance between you, and the circle in which Mr. Howard and all his family move is ſo far beyond both your ideas and your utmoſt expectation, that, if you were poſſeſſed of the lady's good opinion, I doubt whether you would ever gain her father's."

"The contrivances of the world then muſt be very ill formed for the

the happineſs people boaſt of ſo loudly," ſaid Henry.

"'Tis true, Henry: they boaſt a great deal of what they never acquire, nor ever taſte."

"But, Sir, as you ſtate it, they would abſolutely prevent it."

"This is almoſt univerſal; for we never find any one who will allow that he is contented. Your grandfather, notwithſtanding every thing around him, and all he had done to pleaſe his fancy, led a miſerable life. None can be truly happy who do not ſeek to promote the happineſs of others; for we live upon their ſmile and die by their frown. Who does not delight in humanity, benignity,

and gratitude? Who does not hate the proud, the wicked, the ſordid, or the cruel, and even ſpurn at the ungrateful? Thus every one may be underſtood to have a mutual alliance for ſupport of each other; and that alliance is the moſt noble which perfects men in right conduct: it makes us partake of each other, as it were, and communicate rectitude among ourſelves. But ſo great is the univerſal power of habit, that although the moſt lively ſparks of virtue are implanted in us by nature, yet they are often extinguiſhed by it, and vices are nouriſhed and confirmed."

"But, Sir, the habit which leads men to ſomething elſe than happi-

neſs

neſs muſt have ſome appearance or motive, ſurely, that wears a better invitation? You deſcribe virtue to poſſeſs all this, and yet habit leads men away from it! If virtue is deſired for any other thing than happineſs, it ſhould ſeem that ſomething may be preferable, or at leaſt equal to it. Is it wealth, is it beauty, is it health?"

"Theſe are all tranſient," ſaid Mr. Somerville.

"Is it pleaſure?"

"That's tranſient alſo," replied he; "yet, my dear ſon, all theſe often aſſume alluring forms, and give us falſe expectations of that happineſs which can alone be permanently ſe-

cured by *habitual virtue*; it is by acting under these false impressions, and by seeing through this false medium, that evil habits arise; but on the contrary, one act of virtue or liberality produces abundantly more enjoyment than any common pleasure multiplied ten-fold. You may judge, therefore, of a man's enjoyment whose whole life is virtue. All good men, by nature, love honour and rectitude, and they never deviate from this rule of conduct:—so the truly liberal suffer no act of kindness to be profitable to them; generosity with emolument is incompatible; none ever part with honour for a price, but those who mistake artifice for it.

Where

Where is benevolence, when no one can be found to unite his neighbour's welfare with his own? Where is friendſhip, when mutual regard is unfelt and unknown?"—

Henry breathed a deep ſigh.

"You ſaid, Sir, that Mr. Howard might not be induced, whatever his daughter might;—would it be wrong to try the reſult of that?"

"Do you think, then, that Harriet could join your labours in the field?"

"If ſhe loved me, Sir."

"Ah, my dear Henry, we have not love like this amongſt us! Harriet's mode of life too—it would be impoſſible—or worſe than miſery."

"Curſe on theſe modes of life!" interrupted Henry; "had we both been peaſants, we ſhould long ago have been able to tell each other our mind, and have been made happy in all our wiſhes. But, Sir, what could be the conſequence, if—"

"Aſk the events of this day, Henry."

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

MR. Somerville having communicated to his family all the unfavourable circumſtances which attended the event of the day; and having endeavoured to conſole one another by the moſt endearing aſſurances of mutual affection; Mrs. Somerville acquainted them that Mr. Howard had called in the morning, and expreſſed great concern at not meeting with Mr. Somerville. Our philoſopher, who, in his tranſactions with the world, ſtrictly attended to its forms, was now prevented from

going to the Park; and, relying upon the information Mr. Howard would receive from Lord Norbury, entertained no doubt but that he ſhould ſee him next day. On the other hand, Mr. Howard remained for ſome days in ſtrange aſtoniſhment at hearing nothing from his friend, and ſtill more at never ſeeing either Lord Norbury or Sir Francis Bloom, who had left the Park together as already mentioned, while the ladies were dreſſing, and without ſeeing any perſon to whom they had condeſcended to explain their departure or intimate their return.

Suſpenſe awakens every apprehenſion, and engenders ſuſpicion. The

approaching gala would, under ſuch a ſituation, increaſe his anxiety; it was impoſſible to conjecture the road they had taken; and if they had really left him in diſguſt, it was equally impoſſible for him to ſeek them. His family were ignorant of their intentions, and enjoyed that ſerene tranquillity which evidently teſtified how remote they were from taking part in the ſtorm which was breaking round them.

In the midſt of the ſplendid decorations with which the houſe and park were now preparing for their gueſts, when every ſoul was buſy in forwarding the great *coup d'œil*, ſo eſſential in every celebrity, a ſervant arrived

arrived in great haſte, and preſented to Mr. Howard a letter addreſſed in the hand of Lord Norbury :

" *My dear Howard*,

" Sir Francis Bloom and myſelf came hither yeſterday morning for a lounge to ſee old Somerville, who died while we were at his houſe : his ſon and grandſon arrived at the ſame time, and have cauſe to regret their fortunes. After I had continued with them for ſome time, we left the place together on our reſpective routes, Frank having gone before with a party whom he had joined at hazard during my ſtay at the houſe. I had not rode a mile on my return, before I perceived his horſes at the

door

door of an inn, where I found him literally beat down and at his laſt ſtake. He has loſt every thing to one Armſtrong, whom you muſt remember to have been turned out one evening at Brookes's. I paſſed my word for his horſes; but when we were coming away, they were ſeized by an officer from town, for a debt due to ſome tradeſmen. Poor Frank is completely done up! I have endeavoured to comfort him, but he is utterly in deſpair! He begs me to make his excuſes; and I truſt that, when you learn that his vexation has confined him ever ſince to his bed, you will pardon me alſo for not having left him. Adieu till I am en-

abled

abled to leave our misguided friend! and believe me

Ever yours, "NORBURY."

In respect to Lord Norbury, Mr. Howard would have readily left his house to visit him; but for Sir Francis, he never had entertained any other ideas than what might border upon disgust. He therefore contented himself with writing to his Lordship in answer, that, had any concern happened to him, he should have flown to him instantly; at present he must plead his pressing engagements at home, and entreat his excuse for sending this expression of his best wishes for Sir Francis Bloom's recovery.

When

When Lord Norbury read the letter, he concluded that Sir Francis could expect little assistance from Mr. Howard; which when Sir Francis knew, he increased his present miserable chagrin, by the most violent invectives against him, for his sordidness in the midst of unbounded wealth; ascribing that character indiscriminately to all who, whether from motives of disapprobation, withheld their countenance, or from sinister causes pretended to an hypocritical sanctity in order to save themselves from obliging their friends. "What obligations have I," said he, "to a man who smiles upon me in

my

my prosperous days, and when I am cast down disdains to know me?"

Armstrong, who had continued at the inn under the hopes of pigeoning Lord Norbury, and having learnt that the letter from the Park had produced no alteration in the present state of affairs, began to despair of advancing his purpose, till he hit upo a method of attracting his victim again to the board.

He sent one of his companions to Sir Francis with a verbal message, "that he was truly concerned at his ill-luck, and, in order to give him a further chance, he would offer him a throw for a cool hundred, and give him the stake." This Lord Norbury

bury diſapproved. "You have now," ſaid he, "cloſed the ſcene, and are ſatisfied of its folly: you regret bitterly ſo unthankful a purſuit: you are not yet under the clutches of this black-leg: depend upon it, if you liſten to this offer, you will be followed up till you become too much embarraſſed for exiſtence. Allow me to entreat you to reſiſt this temptation, and to ſhew that you reſent an inſult like that now put upon you."

Sir Francis turned a deaf ear to this advice, until the word "inſult" awakened him; not that he ſuffered any wrong at the propoſal made, for it had that inducement in it which

raiſed

raiſed in him the laſt flaſh of expiring hope; but he judged of inſult only by the interpretation of others; and if this ſhould afterwards be deemed ſo by any of his companions of folly, he dreaded their ſneer far more than any ſecret ſenſations of his own heart.

When the meſſenger returned for his anſwer, Sir Francis told him, in a haughty tone, that he rejected the propoſal with diſdain.

Armſtrong's room was on the ſame ſtaircaſe; and the door of the Baronet's apartment having been left open, they heard the anſwer delivered, which produced an imperious and unmeaning horſe-laugh, and an unknown

known voice exclaimed--"The Baronet won't die dunghill, by G—d!"

Lord Norbury was thoroughly tired of his companion, and the penance he was thus bound to endure. He found it improper and unſafe to leave him in the midſt of theſe harpies: he could not conduct him to Mr. Howard: he had, therefore, no reſource but to propoſe a ſhort viſit at Norbury Caſtle.

Sir Francis was in no mood to reliſh the ſtill ſilence of retirement; and therefore, to ſhun reflection, propoſed Brighthelmſtone, without poſſeſſing any of thoſe eſſential requiſites which alone render that place agreeable to faſhion—money and

good

good ſpirits. The journey was, however, agreed on.

The ſpirit of gaiety which poſſeſſes the idle and diſſolute never fails to exhauſt the ſtores of friendſhip, or the vigour of human ſervices; it leaps the bounds of the ſincereſt promiſes; it diſdains the reſtraint of honourable fidelity; and, by ſpurning uſeful council, ruſhes into the gulf of preſent and eternal infamy.

Lord Norbury, whoſe diſpoſition was all compliance, could not leave the houſe of Mr. Howard for the reſt of the ſeaſon without waiting upon him; beſides which, he had ſome previous arrangements to make or to order in Suffolk, before he could

could conveniently alter his plan; and therefore, as his friend had conſiderably amended during the paſt two days, he propoſed leaving him to his own care while he rode to the Park, promiſing to return on the following evening, charging him at the ſame time to avoid the leaſt interview with Armſtrong or his aſſociates.

His Lordſhip arrived at the Park time enough before it was neceſſary for him to dreſs, to relate ſome further particulars to Mr. Howard of his friend's ſituation, and of the plan for his amuſement now adopted. "I fear," ſaid Mr. Howard, "that plan will never anſwer his purpoſe;

he

he is too far gone ever to be amuſed without mingling theſe accurſed dice into the ſcheme. I have long underſtood that he has loſt or mortgaged every inch of ground he poſſeſſed, and has no other reſource but a gaol: beware of your Lordſhip's regard for him: his principles and his profligacy together will one day or other injure your own fortune and happineſs:—if you can ſhake him off, it will be the moſt fortunate ſtroke you can deſire."

A carriage with ſome of Mrs. Howard's moſt intimate friends now drove to the door, which reminded them that it was time to dreſs; and though Lord Norbury was very de-

ſirous

ſirous of returning to his friend, yet he ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded to reſt during that night, and partake of the gay ſcene which in a few minutes would be opened to his view.

CHAP. XIV.

THE entrance at the lodge, and the avenue to the houſe, told the admiring multitude, that nature for that evening yielded to the ſplendour of art. Lamps of various colours hung in feſtoons from tree to tree; the ſaloon was decorated with devices of light, rendered more brilliant by innumerable reflectors of cut glaſs; the drawing-room, opening to a very large orangery with myrtles and flowering ſhrubs, was entirely illuminated with tranſparencies of Apollo and the Muſes, admitting, by a receſs

towards

towards the gardens, an orcheſtra of conſiderable extent. The lawn, the viſta, the whole ſurrounding parterre, alſo vied with each other in rendering the *coup d'œil* a ſcene of enchantment; but the moſt material of all were the chief actors on the ſcene. Mrs. Howard, at all times elegant, was here moſt truly the Queen of Smiles: her daughter Harriet, in all the charms of excellence, ſeemed to have deſcended from her native ſkies; ſhe looked or ſeemed to look around for one, who in this buſy ſport of gaiety might well have found a ſpace; or, like the father of the world, ſurrounded by every charm, ſave one!

"——— the ſweets of ſenſe
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow
To raiſe harmonious fancy's native charm?"

The brilliancy of the entertainment, and the ſumptuous ſplendour of the company, filled the imagination and the paſſions with unexampled exultation. Spectators from all parts of the county were aſſembled;—the numerous train of equipages and ſervants filled the roads near the place, and the ſounds of feſtive luxury chid the lazy ſun for keeping back his morning rays.

The night was peculiarly ſerene—the ſultry ſun had yielded to the cool zephyrs of evening;—the air was ſtill, and every external charm ſeemed

to

to ſend its congenial tranſport to the melody within: harmony took her walk undiſturbed, and pleaſure

"——at each pauſe her melting accents caught,
In ſweet delirium of romantic thought."

The rooms, the lawn, and every alcove, were filled with company, and every heart ſeemed to feaſt upon the rapture of its own enjoyment. Harriet, whoſe proficiency in muſic had often led her to indulge inventive fancy with the compoſition of ſome delicate air ſhe had read or tranſformed to her taſte, was earneſtly ſolicited by ſome ladies, whom Lord Norbury had joined, to favour them in an alcove with one of her laſt fa-

vourites. A guitar was procured with ſome care that it might not be generally obſerved, and ſhe ſung to it the following little air, which ſhe had altered from a juſtly favourite author.

AIR.

Say what tranſports the timid dove,
The wreath of conqueſt, or of love?
What compaſs points her daring flight,
Where mortals gaze and bleſs the ſight?
Bid rocks, and woods, and mountains riſe,
Eclipſe her native ſhades, or ſkies;
In vain!—thro' pathleſs air ſhe goes,
And 'lights where all her cares repoſe!

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed a voice, and by the accompanying ſound claſping both hands, from behind the alcove—and, as if conſcious of

of the imprudence of the emotion, a ruſtling was inſtantly heard among the leaves, and ſome haſty foot-ſteps ſucceeded acroſs the path-way behind the lawn. The ladies were much alarmed, and Harriet trembled with ſurpriſe. The gentlemen attempted to rally their ſpirits; but Harriet knew too well that well-known voice to recover ſo readily to her former tranquillity; in every figure ſhe expected to trace the features of one whoſe preſence would have made the whole complete—

"And ſtill ſhe traced his ſteps along the glade,
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd
Half viewleſs forms—"

while Henry frequently ſlackened his pace, and often unobſerved put back his haſtening ſteps;

"——— ſtill liſtening, as the breeze
Heav'd his deep ſighs among the aged trees!"

Some young men, rather elevated by too frequent aſſiduities at the ſide-board, who heard or underſtood very indiſtinctly the rumour as it buzzed through the company, mingling error and inconſiſtency as it paſſed along, deſirous of diſtinguiſhing their valour, and emboldened by the glory of conquering a flying antagoniſt, whom they judged to be an ignorant peaſant whom clumſy curioſity had led too near the circle, ſet off, againſt the perſuaſion of every one near them,

to

to overtake the insolent fugitive, determining that his punishment should be not more innocent than his crime—by placing him in the centre of the illuminated lawn, a ridiculous spectacle for the company's amusement.

Mr. Howard, who had hitherto been engaged in another part of the rooms, now joined the general buz upon the lawn, and laughed heartily at the simple cause of alarm, very much disapproving the scheme of revenge, and sending one of the servants after the pursuers to stop their progress.

The chief part of the company now gathered into the drawing-room, to hear a piece composed by Dr.

Haydn, and which he had consented to lead on the grand piano forte. Scarcely ten people were left upon the lawn, of whom Lord Norbury, three other gentlemen, Miss Howard and two female friends, made a part. They walked near enough to the house to enjoy the music, and still avoid the heat of the room.

Harriet, who had been much alarmed at the folly of the pursuit, discharged her mind from anxiety as much as she could, by the probability that, whether the voice had really been Henry's or not, the fugitive must have long ago cleared his ground before his valiant pursuers had set out upon their foolish journey. She could

could not avoid, however, lending a liſtening ear to the ſilence of the night, when the trampling of feet at a diſtance and the murmur of voices were indiſtinctly heard: ſhe ſmiled in the ſecurity of ſeeing theſe noble ſons of courage placing themſelves in the ſpot they had deſigned for the terrified peaſant, and boaſting of what their arm would have achieved if they had been fortunate enough to have found him.

The prodigious throng of carriages, horſes, and ſervants in waiting, could eaſily account for the noiſe they heard; but their tranquil pleaſures were ſoon diſturbed by the nearer approach of oaths and voices

—"Unhand me, Sir!"—"Handcuff him!—the ſtocks!—the horſe-pond!—hang'd in chains!"—"Lead on!—ſhew me to Mr. Howard!"—all expreſſed in tumult and confuſion; more and more diſguſting as it approached, and mingled with the rage and anger of twenty voices at once, and none were wholly articulate. Many of the company ran out to the lawn, and were ſoon amuſed by the heroes who had lately left them, aſſiſted by a ſcore of the country people, to whom they had taken care to transfer the trouble of bringing the victim along. They entered the lawn in this triumph, dragging along a man folded in a

large

large ſurtout and covered with a broad ſlouched hat;—his hands were tied behind him by a handkerchief, and a dozen fellows clenched their fiſts round the collar of his coat.

"Where is your maſter?—Shew me to Mr. Howard!" he exclaimed, and ſuddenly diſengaged his hands, which he now dealt about in ſo profuſe a manner upon two of the young gentlemen who were running forwards to the company to brag and lie about what they had done, that they had very ſoon little power left to aſk for mercy. One of the peaſants who held him ſeized a ſtick from the hand of one of the followers, and ſtruck him ſo violent a blow on the

left

left arm as utterly to disable it; and in the scuffle he lost his hat. "'Tis he!—'tis he!—my Henry!" cried Harriet, rushing from the affrighted circle, and, springing forwards, fell upon his panting bosom and sunk into lifeless night.

"My soul! my life!" exclaimed Henry, struggling to support her: "could I have conceived all this, how much more would I have willingly borne!"

Mr. Howard, who now hastened to the spot, stood petrified with amazement at the picture. Every hand was busy and too busy in seeking remedies, and giving assistance to carry his daughter to a room. Henry could

could not be perſuaded to quit his luxurious hold, till he had left her on a ſopha in the care of her mother and a few female friends.

Exulting and riotous with a joy which nature would be outraged by the feeble attempts at deſcription, and bounding with a gratitude no other human being ever felt, Henry gazed around him on the admiring crowd, ſwelling with the conſcious pride of unaffected love, and breathing all the holy energy of unadulterate paſſion, crowned with the bleſſedneſs of ſincere return.

"From henceforth ſhe is mine!" ſaid he, claſping both his hands: "how

"how are my anxious moments all repaid!"

Every one was anxious to hear the ſtory of the adventure; and Mr. Howard with Lord Norbury, having themſelves helped him to get rid of his coat, and to wind his left arm in a ſling, diſcovered a more intereſting figure to the company than had perhaps ever before awakened their admiration.

They ſeated him on a ſopha.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

"I HAVE much apology, Sir," ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Mr. Howard, "to make for the ſituation in which I have thus diſturbed the harmony of your ſplendid entertainment. It may be ſaid, that the melancholy cauſe which prevented me from accepting your kind invitation ſhould have kept me at home. I feared the imputation of inconſiſtency; but this event makes me diſdain that fear. Ever ſince my grandfather died, I have ſtrove to diſcourage what, perhaps, I was too pre-

presumptuous, though silently, to have indulged before:—to hear the whole county talk of your preparations—to know that this earthly paradise was but five miles, within my reach—how could I refrain!—The decent orders of society prevented my appearance, but my heart irresistibly led me to become a hidden spectator, and to watch the object most attracting to my heart: I would have given worlds to have suppressed the exclamation of rapture I then counted fatal. I fled, not through fear, but through respect to you and to the idolized object who excited it. When I heard the hasty steps of those who pursued me,

I faced

I faced about, left my character might suffer in my own eyes as well as theirs at acting the dastardly part of a fugitive vagabond. Before I was spoken to I was met with blows, oaths, and execrations, as though I had fled from justice, stained with hands of blood. Assailed on every side, I threw away the stick I held in my hand, that I might defend myself on equal terms, for I felt the grasp of one of the ruffians at my throat; before he fell another charged me in the face. I was beset by numbers. Two young men whose dress, superior to the rest, led me to suppose them to be in liveries (for I could not mistake them for any of

your

your company), ſeized me by one arm, and diſcharged their fiſts together in my face, which I returned as well as I was able, till one fell near me, and the other withdrew, preferring the taſk of urging on the reſt of their companions. I felt that I had not committed any crime worthy of all this—I juſtified myſelf by the exceſs of my puniſhment—but the end has amply rewarded the toil!".

Mr. Howard, who had liſtened attentively to this animated narrative, forbore to preſs the converſation further, leſt, from the praiſe which Henry drew upon himſelf from the lips of every hearer, he ſhould not have been able to preſerve his own

con-

conſideration for his daughter, whom he had no deſign to diſpoſe of ſo ſuddenly; for he had weighed her evident attachment, and adviſed her upon cool reflection. He therefore ordered his poſt-chariot to be ready at the door immediately. During this explanation, the affair having become the univerſal topic amongſt all the gentlemen of the ſecond table, a crowd had gathered round the front of the houſe; and as ſoon as the news of the poſt-chariot was circulated from the door to the ſtable, there was ſcarcely a man who could venture to leave his ſtand but ruſhed forward to ſee Henry come out. In the mean time Harriet, who had been

recovered

recovered by the attentions of her mother and ſiſter, and two of their ſelect friends, with whom alone ſhe had been ſuffered to retire, had repeatedly aſked if Henry was ſafe, and had been indulged by the promiſe that ſhe ſhould ſee him on the next day;—but the evening was far ſpent, and ſhe withdrew unobſerved to her chamber.

A ſervant announced that the poſt-chariot was at the door. The curioſity of the people for a man they had ſeen every day was wonderful. As he took leave of the company, every eye and every breaſt "told him their eſteem:" as he approached the hall, an hundred voices, with

eyes

eyes eagerly peering in from the hall-door, cried, "Here he comes! Here he comes!" Mr. Howard and Lord Norbury accompanied him.

"God bless your Honour! Heavens preserve you, master! They did not know it was you!" broke from every tongue;—and as he bowed to them with thanks, their honest hearts overflowed in redoubled cheers, which followed him to a considerable distance.

The house was soon after cleared.

Is it within the compass of the human soul to imagine the luxury of Henry's mind? Is it within the scope of nature's most indulgent gifts thus to be blest almost before

he ſought the bleſſing? Does human life afford us inſtances of ſuch high and heavenly ſincerity, where heart meets heart, and breaks the chain of human forms, and ſeeks and finds, and thus makes union with its own? Merciful Providence! thy decrees, ever formed for happineſs and love, would guide the councils of our hearts, and wake anew the energy of things, if human pride and ceremonious craft, multiplying all the evils of our probation, did not disjoin thy faireſt happieſt work!

Whenever we look into the heart, before the ways of men have ſpread nets around it, before pale envy has given it foreign claims, and ſordid

intereſt

intereſt taught it to be diſſatisfied and diſaffected with itſelf, we find it formed for ſincerity, moulded in the lap of truth, and ignorant of ſin; open to the nobleſt ſources of delight, an unſuſpicious confidence, a generous charity, and a virtuous affection. Bleſt mortal! Could his early ſtage continue, he would make earth a heaven!

"——— For him the Spring
Diſtills her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,

And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſures unreproved."

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